

The Tragidie

Good Angels guard thee from the Boares annoy,
Live and beget a happy race of Kings:
Edwards unhappy sonnes do bid thee flourish.

Enter the ghost of Quene Anne his wife.

Richard, Thy wife that wretched *Anne* thy wife,
That neuer slept a quiet houre with thee,
Now fills thy sleepe with perturbations,
To morrow in the battaile thinke one me,
And fall thy edgelesse sword, despaire and die.
To *Rich*. Thou quiet soule, sleepe thou aquiet sleepe,
Dreame of successe and happy victory,
Thy aduersaries wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the ghost of Buckingham.

The first was I that heipt thee to the Crowne,
The last was I that felt the tyranny,
O in the battell thinke on *Buckingham*,
And die in terror of thy guiltinesse:
Dreame on, dreame on, of bloudie deeds and death,
Fainting dispaire, despairing yeeld thy breath.
To *Rich*. I died for hope ere I could lend thee aid,
But cheare thy heart, and be thou not dismaid,
God and good Angels fight on *Richmonds* side,
And *Richard* falls in height of all his pride.

K. Richard started out of a dreame.

K. Rich. Giue me another horse, bind vp my wounds:
Haue mercy Iesu: soft I did but dreame.
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me?
The lights burne blew, it is not deade midnight:
Cold fearefull drops stand on my trembling flesh,
What doe I feare my selfe? theres none else by,
Richard loues *Richard*, that is I am I,
Is there a murtherer here, No. yes I am,
Then flie, what from my selfe? great reason why,
Least I reuenge. What? my selfe vpon my selfe;
Alacke I loue my selfe, wherefore? for any good
That my selfe hath done vnto my selfe:

of Richard the Third.

O no: alas I rather hate my selfe,
For hatefull deeds committed by my selfe:
I am a villaine, yet I lye, I am not.
Foole of thy selfe speake well, foole doe not flatter,
My conscience hath a thousand seuerall tongues,
And euery tongue brings in a seuerall tale.
And euery tale condemnes me for a villaine:
Periury, in the highest degree,
Murder, sterne murder, in the dyrest degree,
All seuerall sinnes, all vsde in each degree,
Throng all to the barre, crying all, guiltie, guiltie,
I shall dispaire, there is no creature loues me,
And if I die, no soule shall pittie me:
And wherefore should they? since that I my selfe,
Find in my selfe, no pittie to my selfe.
Me thought the soules of all that I haue murdered
Came to my tent, and euery one did threat
To morrowes vengeance on the head of *Richard*

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat My Lord.

King. Zounds, who is there?

Rat. My Lord tis I: the carely village cocke,
Haue thrice done salutation to the morne.

Your friends are vp, and buckle on their armour,
King. O *Ratcliffe*, I haue dream'd a fearefull dreame,
What thinkest thou, will our friends proue all true?

Rat. No doubt my Lord.

King. O *Ratcliffe* I feare, I feare,

Rat. Nay good my Lord be not affraid of shadowes.

King. By the Apostle *Paul*, shadowes to night
Haue strooke more terrour to the soule of *Richard*,
Then can the substance of ten thousand souldiers
Armed in prooffe, and led by shallow *Richmond*.
Tis not yet neere day come goe with me,
Vnder our tents Ile play the ewese-dropper,
To heare if any meane to shrinke from me.

Ex

Enter the lords to Richmond.

Lords. Good morrow *Richmond*.

